

Rt 7, Frederick, Md. 21701
10/2/67

Dear Miss B.,

Your letter of 9/28 warrants something that today I should not take time for, a consoling answer. So, I use this minute to recover physically from the slight physical exercise, to which I have grown quite unaccustomed, to recommend that all chins stay up and tell you a story that may make you laugh at our expense.

For some time, for reasons too complicated and incredible to go into, it has been a really urgent necessity that we move. Some months ago we found another beautiful spot, like from a movie. We bought it, getting beat out of \$2,000 in the process. Then we engaged a number of craftsmen to make a few simple repairs. To date they have not been completed. By getting our lawyer after the kitchen cabinets we finally got him to perform -incompetently. The electrician hasn't been back in a month, probably because he is a neighbor, having no job closer to home. So, we decided the hell with it, we'll move into the house and camp.

Last week I engaged a local man to do the moving. He was to call me Friday of Saturday, do the moving over the weekend, and in advance come down and see what we had while he examined a stand of locusts (for posts) in which he was interested. When he didn't show by Sunday I phoned him in the late morning.

"Can't do it today", he said, "No help". So we set the moving for 9:30 a.m. today. I went about my other and not too simple affairs with accustomed gusto, planning to stop close to 5 p.m., when I'd have finished a minor addition (in length. Wow! is it hot!) to the completed manuscript of POST MORTEM. Here I am breezing away when someone pulls in. Then someone else. There is my mover, his fiancée-assistant and his barber-brother. It turns out he has a stake-body truck, no tail gate, and he'll get started and finish the rest this morning. So, we load on what is most easily reached and we're off. He is ~~in~~ in a hurry because he has a 7 p.m. meetings. What goes down the cellar or in the various rooms he'll take care of first thing this a.m. I drop all and load the typewriters (all but this old junk), with my wife's desks (two hats, two desks) and we are off. We dump everything wherever we can - everything being real heavy and bulky - and as he leaves I say, cheerily, not expecting the impending disaster (some of John Kennedy must have rubbed off on all of us), "See you ~~at~~ 9:30". "No, you won't", he replies, "I'm too busy. Get someone else". Fortunately, I had decided that this would throw us too late into the night to try and move the essentials, like bed and food. So, there I was, part moved, work crippled, no fit place for my overabused, everloving! That is also the way it is now. We have been busily engaged in packing up what we had expected them to do. I think I have improvised something that will get us out of the crisis before the next instalment. It happens that the man whose property we bought had been a manager of a moving company. I phoned them, they had a last-minute cancellation, and in a couple of hours a couple of professionals and a van will be here. I hope. I'll have to put the bed together after dark and a couple of things like that, but we'll make it.

Now something like this couldn't happen, but it did. The rascal also asked for twice as much as the movers charge, couldn't really load his truck because it had no tailgate, and left us a mess we'll have to move (at my expense) before we can start. He hasn't reckoned with my wife, two-checkbook Lil. But he will Pahdnah, at the Double X!

Sweat it out, kid! You have already picked up enough dope to indicate you have some friends. I suspect you are the local character to the local yokels, anyway. Get ready to sue the insurance companies if they retaliate and hope that when virtue is triumphant it will double your accounts.

But it is a very strange affair. You'll get to the bottom yet.

Just noticed I'm typing on tissue! See how I am. I'll make you a clean, nice and crisp photocopy. Good luck,

